

Alberta Orators Bring Home Victory From Saskatchewan

Herb Surplis and Max Wershof Successfully Uphold Negative of Resolution—Pros and Cons of Immigration Are Dragged Forth

(Western Intercollegiate Press Service)

SASKATOON.—When Max Wershof and Herbert Surplis opposed the adoption of a quota system of immigration here Friday night in the struggle for the McGoun Cup they showed a decided superiority over the home team in spite of the fact that the decision of the judges was not unanimous. The issue was in doubt, however, until the rebuttal of the second speaker of the visiting team, when the eloquence and statistics of the Saskatchewan team proved no match for the overwhelming tactics of the veteran Wershof.

After welcoming the Alberta representatives, Chetkow opened the debate for Saskatchewan with the announcement that according to a recent despatch from Ottawa, Canada has just adopted what is in effect a quota system. He attempted to show that public opinion was in favor of a quota system, giving in support the opinions of such bodies as the Church of England, the U.F.C., and the Canadian Legion. Launching into the question of assimilation, he said: "We want to cut down the numbers from South, East, and Central Europe to workable proportions, not that they are inferior, but because they are different." On account of the great political, linguistic, social, cultural, and religious differences, he contended that assimilation in large numbers was a matter of the greatest difficulty.

Surplis refuted the implication that the Ottawa edict constituted in reality a quota system. It was, he said, merely a restriction on certain types of laborers, and according to Premier Brownlee bore no resemblance to a quota system. Supporting immigration from Central Europe, he pointed out that much as immigration of British and Scandinavian peoples was desirable, it could not be obtained, and further that the Slavonic peoples were not to be despised. "The quota system," he contended, "would be a blow from which we would not recover for two-score years."

Lamberton introduced a vein of

humor in the session when he referred to a "secret sorrow" he had detected hovering about the visitors, and when he congratulated them for skating so dextrously over thin ice. He advocated a flexible quota system based on requirements and designed to populate the country slowly on a sound selective basis. The melting pot theory was an exploded myth, he said, the situation bearing a closer resemblance to a badly mixed cake.

Wershof emphasized the impossibility of getting agricultural immigrants from Great Britain, and pointed out that the number of people leaving Canada annually was nearly equal, or in other words that "without attempting to appear biblical it would seem that the Exodus was approaching the Genesis." He stated that in accordance with the view of the affirmative that if national differences were the greatest hindrance it would be just as logical to exclude the French from Canada.

Each speaker was allowed five minutes for rebuttal, Surplis leading with a satire on the points raised by the affirmative. An amusing incident happened when Chetkow with a burst of oratory walked across the platform and handed to his opponents statistics on immigration. Max Wershof, speaking next, returned the sheets with the remark that he was unable to get anything out of them. Rising to his most impressive form, Max summarized the case for the negative. The assimilation problem was not very difficult, he indicated, and he charged that the affirmative speakers had not brought forward a single quota system anywhere in the world which would be applicable to Canada.

Before introducing the speakers, the chairman, Mr. Mills, told of an incident about Prof. McGoun in 1922 when they met at Columbia University. Prof. McGoun went to a street corner in New York city noted for its debates on socialism, and to the astonishment of everyone debated brilliantly in favor of capitalism, the first time anyone had dared to do that on this street corner for twelve years.

A DEBATER'S WANDERINGS

Or TALE OF A TALKER

By Nelson Chappel

(Nelson Chappel is the University of Alberta representative on the N.F.C.U.S. debating team which is touring Canada. This is the first of a series of letters by which he will keep us informed of his progress.)

Jan. 28, 1929.

Dear Gateway:

At the time of writing the Western Debating team is still undefeated. We consider ourselves fortunate to have been victorious in all of our debates so far—having had only one at Regina.

The team assembled at Saskatoon on Wednesday, January 23rd, and I soon discovered that the U.B.C. and U. of S. representatives, Mr. Masterson and Mr. MacKenzie respectively, were going to be very congenial companions. The debating directorate of the U. of S. entertained us at a luncheon in the Algerian room of the new Eaton store on Thursday. We now know why they call it the Eaton building. A very fair assortment of what our Australian friends would call "cow-eds" was present, and altogether it was a delightful affair. They expressed regret that we could not stay that night to see their "Ladies Lit." We politely told them that while we

had government control farther west, we had no desire to see ladies in that condition.

The First Win

On Friday morning, after a midnight trip on the train, we arrived in Regina only to receive a very cold reception. It was 40 degrees below zero. That evening we met a team of three men, one representing the Y.M.C.A., Mr. Davidson, one representing the Kiwanis Spokes Club, Mr. Cody, and one representing the Public Speaking class of Central Collegiate Institute, Mr. Stothers. The subject of our debate was "Resolved that the introduction of machinery has done more harm than good," and we were able to uphold the affirmative, although if there had been more than three judges, our money would not have lasted. The audience of about seven hundred people was very responsive, and gave the visiting team hearty support. "Geoff" Hewelcke, of Alberta fame, was in his usual place in the bald-headed row taking copious notes for the Regina paper which he is now promoting. Premier Gardiner made a very able chairman.

Entertainment

We were entertained after the debate at the home of Mr. Hedley

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

DO YOU CONSIDER THAT THE ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD OUGHT TO BE RE-ESTABLISHED IN CANADA?

V. I. MacLaren and F. E. L. Priestley, Sci. and Arts, '31 and '30: We feel that knighthood should be re-established (since knighthood makes men bolder), and while it is true that "the old order changeth, yielding place to new," we are of the unanimous opinion that the Knight of the Bath should be revived (say Friday night—we're busy Saturdays). But wot the L? We've still got the Knights of Pythias, the Knights of Columbus and the seven Knights in the Rose Room, Gadzooks and Zounds!

J. Koyta, Com. '32: No, I don't like the horseback riding.

H. Surplis, Arts '30: Why not? The Liberals can't stay in power forever.

Laura Lampert, Arts '30: There are more concrete means of showing appreciation for service rendered than in awarding empty titles.

R. F. Strohan, Med. '31: It would be logical to re-establish it; but the title should be conferred with discretion.

E. G. Beattie, Arts '31: I don't think it is necessary. Gentle suggestions have recently wrought wonders in re-establishing "days of chivalry."

M. Halperin, Med. '31: Yes, by all means; it would tender recognition to good work.

J. M. Smith, Arts '30: No, gravity would rust a tin vest.

Syd. White, Arts '29: It can't be done. Women won't submit to such a setback in their position; scientists still refuse to quit; and there are no pockets in a tin suit.

G. L. Seiber, Arts '30: Yes, but make it maidenhood also. Chivalry is needed on both sides of the fence.

W. D. MacDougall, Arts '29: Why not? A teacher's salary.

Hazel Johnson, Arts '29: Knighthood? I s'pose you mean night-caps. They sort of make for baldness, don't they?

Alix McCaig, Arts '31: No, there are not enough nags to go around, and, if there were, all the knights would be bow-legged.

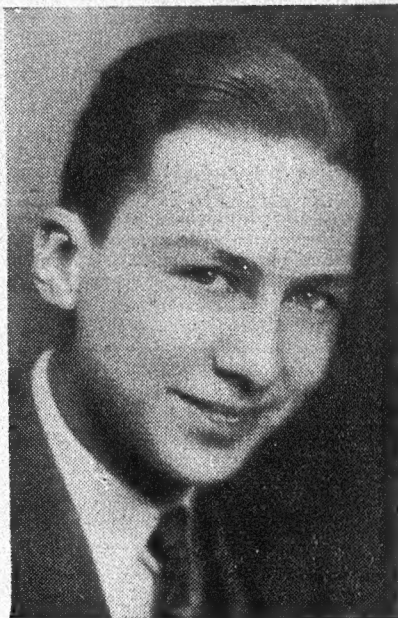
Ken. Conibear, Arts '31: On the grounds that service should not go unrewarded, yes. For while the wealth of an individual, provided it is not inherited, furnishes a fairly reliable criterion of the service he or she has done the world, much of the most fruitful labor must remain unrewarded so far as material riches can repay effort.

MCGOUN CUP DEBATERS



HERB SURPLIS

Who debated in the Inter-Varsity series for Alberta.



ERIC GIBBS

Quota System For Canada is Undesirable; Verdict of Debate

U.B.C. Defeats Alberta in McGoun Cup Series by Unanimous Decision—Interesting Evening is Afforded

Supporting the negative on the question, "Resolved that Canada should adopt a Quota System of Immigration," the University of British Columbia won on a unanimous vote among the judges.

The speakers for B.C. were G. Rowland and D. Murphy. Jack Hopkins and Eric Gibbs represented Alberta. The four western provinces are competing for the cup this year, after the arrangement made by the Debating League for Western Canada.

Dr. W. H. Alexander, as chairman of the debate, welcomed the visitors and introduced them to the audience.

The leader of the affirmative, Jack Hopkins, opened the debate by comparing the widely different conditions existing in Canada and in the European countries. Canada is in a state of rising prosperity.

The only method by which we may debate those races which would be considered as undesirable is to adopt a quota system. This infers a two-fold plan of action: A limit would be set upon immigration for a given period and the proportion of different races in the country would be taken and used as a basis for estimating the quota. Due preference would be given to those races which were regarded as more desirable.

That this is needed, he stated, there is no doubt. Canada could not stand a sudden influx of immigrants in her present state. More important still would be a consideration of the mental, moral and physical differences apparent among these incoming races. A race capable of rapid assimilation should be given the preference.

G. Rowland rapidly reviewed the conditions existing in Canada. In every province there are wide tracts of land and extensive resources awaiting the population to put them to use. Under the present immigration

laws Canada was not taking the cast-offs of other nations. It was natural that immigration should increase after period of industrial prosperity. There was nothing abnormal in the present influx of settlers, nor would it necessarily bring on a period of depression.

In closing, he added that a quota system would not adjust the problems of urban and rural distribution of new citizens, which was one of the most mooted problems of the present time.

Eric Gibbs summed up the points made by his colleague very dramatically. By liberal quotations from the press he pointed out the undesirability of settlers from the central European states and the ineffectiveness of the present laws to check this immigration. Canada is still a young nation and she has plenty of time in which to grow. It would be better if she should choose her future citizens than to accept them as they choose to come.

Denis Murphy spoke forcefully on the need for a larger population when such great industrial development was pending in Canada. He supported his statement with well-authenticated statistics. Preferences between races, such as would be shown by the distinction of a quota law, would only tend to increase racial intolerance.

Each speaker was allowed five minutes in which to make his rebuttal. Some of the best argument of the evening was shown here. The negative, in particular, advanced some very clever and interesting material.

The judges of the debate, S. B. Woods, K.C., J. Blue, secretary of the Edmonton Chamber of Commerce, and J. D. Hunt, clerk of the executive council, gave an unanimous decision in favour of the negative, supported by the University of British Columbia.

LANGUAGE COURSES WILL BE OFFERED

Spanish and Italian Classes at St. Joseph's College

St. Joseph's is inaugurating classes in practical and conversational Spanish and Italian for those who wish to obtain a working knowledge of these languages. It is estimated that there are some seventy million people on the American continent whose mother tongue is Spanish. Most of these belong to Mexico, South and Central America and the West Indies. Our commercial relations with all of these countries is rapidly increasing. Many of our Canadian banks, commercial houses and industrial concerns have branch offices in Spanish America and are anxious to secure men of confidence who possess a knowledge of Spanish in order to represent them. Besides means of communication have now become so rapid that the question of acquiring a familiarity with modern languages is of interest to whosoever wishes to enter into business life on a large scale.

A senior class in Italian has been functioning at St. Joseph's for some time and has proved very successful. The Rector, Rev. Brother Rogatian, will start a class of beginners in Spanish on Thursday, January 31st, at 7:30 p.m.

POST SAECULA

I dreamt the years had passed away
And earth was fair indeed—
A blossom, glowing in the sun—
And all Time was its seed.

I dreamt the blossom withered
Till it became a thorn,
And in that hour of bitterness
The newer world was born.

I dreamt it was all beautiful,
With never grief or shame
That world that came from bitterness
And never had a name.

The announcement of the death of Colonel F. H. Mewburn on Tuesday afternoon came as a sudden shock to the whole University. There has passed away one who was closely identified with the West for a long period of years and who has left both in the southern part of the province, and in this city and University, a memory of courtliness and gentleness which will long endure. In his profession he was held in deep respect; in military circles and among the disabled men he was greatly loved; and to the students he stood out as a vivid personality and a quiet, kindly, sympathetic force in student life. In the University, and in the University Hospital with which he was so closely identified, his loss is deeply felt; and heartfelt sympathy is extended to those who mourn in this their time of sorrow.

ROBT. C. WALLACE.

Novel Presentation for Play Planned by Dramat This Year

March 7 and 8 are Dates Fixed for Spring Play—Dramatic Society Has Chosen Comedy "Aren't We All" as Vehicle for Brilliant Cast

The Dramatic Society announces that it will present its spring production on the nights of March 7 and 8, in Convocation Hall. After careful consideration it has been decided to make the programme one of humor in order to preserve the balance against the heavier type of production given last year. Accordingly, the choice of the Executive has been an excellent modern comedy, by the playwright Frederick Lonsdale, and entitled "Aren't We All?" This delightful three-act comedy will be directed and produced by Mrs. N. W. Haynes, whose great success last year made her a name in city and University dramatic circles.

A unique departure from the custom of recent years is being made by the Dramatic Society, in that the big play will be preceded by a short and screamingly humorous farce entitled "Le Farce de Père Patelin." This comic gem of the theatre bubbles over with humor and will act as an excellent foil for the major production. Coupled with the fact that the Dramatic Society has this year chosen two of the best of modern stage productions, a cast has been found that suits the various roles better than in any other University production since "Dear Brutus." Given these facts, the students may look forward to the Spring Play of 1929 with the confidence that they will see a production of the first magnitude.

Cast Already Rehearsing

With a scant five weeks in which to work the casts of the two plays, large and small, have been hard at work in Convocation Hall, in order to achieve perfection in the characterizations of the various roles. There are twelve characters in the play, eight of them important, and of this eight four are male and four female. Don MacKenzie has been cast in the role of the hero, Willie

Tatham, with Al Borrowman acting opposite him as Lord Grenham, his father. Margot Tatham, Willie's wife, will be played by Margaret Roseborough, and the part of Lady Frinton, Margot's close friend and an intense admirer of Lord Grenham, will be interpreted by Helen Carnes. Eric Gibbs as the Vicar and Mona McLeod as Lord Grenham's sister and the Vicar's wife, have shown already in rehearsal that they will make one of the biggest hits of the play. These last two roles are the essence of laughter and wit. Roger Harding as Willocks, an Australian, proves the innocent cause of much disturbance and intrigue in the noble English family, and the plot grows very thick ere arriving at its surprising and side-splitting denouement. The minor roles of Butler and Guests will be played by Murray, John Farrell, Hancock and Del Edmonds. Elsie Young and Eric Gibbs will carry the leads in "Père Patelin."

Novel Staging Planned

In order to further enhance the unique program, as well as to bring the Dramatic Society's stage equipment right up to date, the services of Holroyd and Gandymore have been secured for the building of several elements in a "Copeau Stage." It is anticipated that the effects produced in the stage settings this spring will be exceedingly striking and a great improvement over former years. The policy of the Dramatic Society this year was greatly influenced by what was judged to be the popular demand of the student body. Following the same policy, no pains will be spared to make the coming production one long to be remembered. It is expected that the students will in their turn show active appreciation of this effort on their behalf, by ensuring a packed house on the nights of March the seventh and eighth.

Colonel Mewburn was One of Pioneer Surgeons of West

Death Robs University of Prominent Figure—Had Long and Interesting Career—Was Particularly Devoted to His Profession

On Tuesday morning the passing of Col. F. H. Mewburn robbed the University of one of its most colorful and most prominent figures. At the time of his death from pneumonia he held the chair of surgery in the Faculty of Medicine and was also surgeon to the University Hospital.

Frank Hamilton Mewburn was born in Drummondville, Ontario, in March, 1858. He attended McGill University, and it was there that he met the great Osler, who was then a demonstrator in anatomy. It is said that at one time young Mewburn, discouraged by the dryness of the lectures, decided to discontinue his medical course, and upon this occasion it was Osler who persuaded him to persevere with his studies. Thus began a friendship which lasted until Sir William Osler's death.

After graduating, Dr. Mewburn was house surgeon at the Montreal General Hospital, but at the age of twenty-four he came to Winnipeg as superintendent of the Winnipeg General Hospital, a post which he held for four years. From Winnipeg he went to Lethbridge as surgeon to the Galt Coal Company and to the Mounted Police. For more than thirty years he stayed at Lethbridge, and the name of Dr. Mewburn is still remembered in that country as that of a gentle and kindly surgeon.

In 1913 he moved to Calgary, and was made Honorary Surgeon to the Royal North-West Mounted Police, but in the following year the outbreak of the war called him to the service of his country. All through

the trying days of that great conflict he gave himself unsparingly to his merciful work alleviating the sufferings of the wounded men. In 1919 he returned to Canada with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, having been decorated with the Order of the British Empire by the king himself.

Colonel Mewburn was appointed surgeon to the University Hospital, and in 1921 when the chair of surgery was founded in the Faculty of Medicine he was made first professor. Until the time of his death he served the University in both of these capacities.

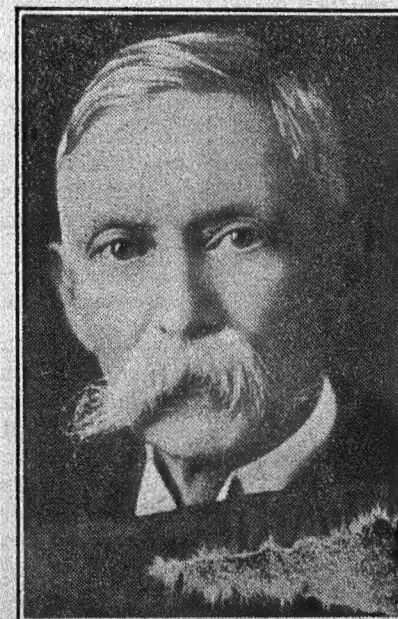
Although physically frail, Colonel Mewburn possessed an indomitable spirit. Often in the operating room he would work until it would seem that sheer fatigue would make him stop, but an emergency would find him as alert and efficient as ever. It was his wish that he should die in harness, and this was surely granted, for only last week he successfully performed a serious operation, and on Friday he delivered his last lecture.

Colonel Mewburn was perhaps the greatest pioneer surgeon in the west. He possessed amazing skill, fine surgical judgment and unflinching insight into the condition of his patient. His gentleness with patients was proverbial. Quiet and unassuming as he was, the use of bungling or inefficient methods on the part of a helper would provoke a reprimand in no uncertain terms from the otherwise gentle and retiring surgeon.

One of his most outstanding characteristics was his devotion to his profession. He was a profound believer in his duty to his patients, and the thought that finances might prevent anyone from having the best medical attention was most painful to him. As a matter of fact, he was perhaps more devoted to the public ward patient than to any other, although every one of his patients received the best he had to offer. Having the very highest ideals regarding his profession he did his best to impress these ideals upon the students with whom he came in contact.

Although an extremely clever surgeon and a remarkable individual, Colonel Mewburn found any publicity most distasteful. He felt that his highest reward was in work well done.

His life was one of work. Perhaps he gave too much to his patients, perhaps he would still be with us had he spared himself more, but he can go to his rest leaving behind a memorial such as it is the fortune of few to have—the gratitude of those whom he has saved from pain and suffering.





THE GATEWAY

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QUAECUMQUE VERA AGAIN

Since the appearance in the last issue of The Gateway of an editorial entitled "What is Religion?" we have enjoyed the plaudits of some, and suffered the anathema of others. Plaudits have come from men whose heads are above the clouds of darkness, who are basking in the beautiful sunshine which emanates from Knowledge; anathema has come from some who are still harrying their souls in the deadening dusk of outworn creeds.

And now we wish to answer point by point the arguments used by our correspondent in this issue who attacks last week's editorial. Christianity, he says, has been subscribed to by the greatest minds of all the centuries. Quite true; and before Christianity pagan religions were subscribed to by the greatest minds of the centuries that had been. They gave way before a greater religion—Christianity. It is our prayer that Christianity will in turn give way to a higher religion. The great intellects of the past accepted Christianity as the highest form of religion extant; the giants of intellect, even in the past, looked beyond it to something higher.

Christianity, our critic says, is a religion for which millions have fought and died, and for which thousands have suffered martyrdom. Alas! yes! and therein lies one of the most damning indictments of Christianity. It has, indeed, caused millions to fight and hundreds of thousands to die. Was that the ideal of Jesus of Nazareth? (There was a great intellect who didn't believe in Christianity. He spent his life attacking creeds and dogmas, and after his death his followers, influenced by pagan cults, imbued his teachings with new dogma, new ritual.)

Thirdly, Christianity "has been the greatest civilizing influence that the world has known." We protest, and point to our history books; they show, for all to read, that only in spite of the obstacles set in the path by Christianity, has civilization progressed. The shades of "great intellects"—Leonardo da Vinci, Galileo, Roger Bacon, Voltaire—the list is long—arise to support our contention—men persecuted for wishing to advance the progress of civilization—progress which even Christianity today takes for granted. (Civilization has so developed Christianity today that not nearly so consistently does it attempt to block the course of progress.)

But space will not allow us to digress as we would wish. Fourthly, Christianity, "virile and vital, continues to be the greatest force in the whole civilized world." Well, it may be that in a thousand years from now, when the Christianity of that time will be as far above the Christianity of today as that of today is above what was called Christianity a thousand years ago, it will still be "virile and vital." If the Christianity of today is still the "greatest force in the whole civilized world," we regret it, and wish we lived in a future age of enlightenment, of perfected "Christianity." However, we hope that, qualitatively, Christianity is not the strongest force in the civilized world, though it no doubt is, quantitatively.

The contention that the writer is an "obviously pseudo-philosopher with an obviously infantile intellect," we are content to leave to the judgment of our readers.

Next, we do not feel that a belief in evolution is in conflict with belief in God. Our correspondent, typical of so many other indignant ones, denies that we are descended from monkeys. Very well; we don't worry about that. We realize that we developed from something lower than monkeys—the first amoeba—and do not rashly, impudently, claim to know all about the Force that brought into being that first amoeba.

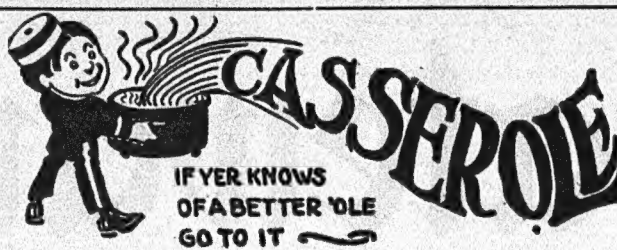
Yes, fools still rush in where angels fear to tread, and describe God, and talk confidently of trinities, and immaculate conceptions, and profess to know the Ultimate—confounding Christ's teachings just as Buddhists confound Buddha's, Confucianists Confucius', but we tread reverently, we hope, looking for such Truth as is possible for man as he is, and realizing that the Ultimates we will never know. Human knowledge may some day roll away "the vast black veil uncertain." Christianity, as known, never will.

(We have been accused, also, of "using the official organ of a Christian University to cram our own beliefs down the throats of fourteen hundred other students." To our accusers: such is the way of the world in general, and of editorial writers in particular. They always do that, you know. But you must blame the University of Alberta, which, happily, fosters freedom of thought and the search for Truth, for such an editorial as this. Indeed it is a Christian University: Christian as Christ would have it, were he here today.)

THE ORGAN RECITALS

It would ill befit us in these columns either to praise or censure the form of the recitals which are given every Sunday afternoon, and various other times, on the Memorial Organ. But there is no more fitting place to express the thanks of the student body for the efforts which are necessary to produce them.

It is no inconsiderable misfortune for us that in this, as in the majority of the universities of the continent, more practical studies make it impossible for us to receive any large measure of instruction in the fine arts. Music, painting, sculpture and prosody must give way to law, history, science and languages. If we would learn the art of these things we must turn our back to the University, and seek elsewhere. Such a condition of affairs is only to be expected in



It has come to pass that the inspired editors of this aspiring news-propagator have disclosed the everyday identity of Casserole. Et tu, you brute, as one J. Caesar was wont to say.

Now Romeo is forever on the dodge of one-time objects of his jibes and nit-witticisms. The only defence he has is that of the court jester—to claim that he may play the fool, as is the way of fools, without fear of revengeful measures. And so—lead on, lead on, Adolphus dear. Only the brave desert the fair! (Alright, Matt, I didn't mean it.)

Enough of philosophy. I'll try poetry.

It was forty below,
And all through the night
Not a creature was stirring—
The whole crew was tight.

The skip raised his napper,
And gazed all around;
He rubbed throbbing forehead,
Then muttered and frowned.

In a case 'neath the bed
He had left his last crock:
He reached for a "snort",
And found only a sock.

And when I say "sock",
I mean just that much:
For the cabin-boy hit him
With the cracked crock, the wretch!

Personally, Romeo has had no acquaintance with crocks, but so many of the boys are filled up with the subject that we have to cater to them.

The next one, entitled "Nobody's Beesnees," is more representative of Casserole's refined taste:
How doth the little bumble bee
Bum away the passing hours?
By stinging innocent co-eds,
And causing tearful showers.

Sheik: "Through the desert sandstorm, oh, my love, have I come to thee."
Lady: "Verily, sheik, thou art a man of grit."

Cass now features a true story, supplied by a friend of Romeo.

This friend was working in the Britannia mines, B.C., some time ago and while working in one of the shafts he came across the following inscription on the walls:

"Quaecumque Vera."

On asking how this came there, he was informed by a Swedish miner that an Alberta man, nutty over some girl, had written it everywhere, claiming it was his girl's name.

More power to the Alberta man!

An Ohio man grafted some of the skin of a chicken onto his dog's back. And now the dog can go chase himself.

His sweetheart was perfect in every respect. She could not even talk, for she had lost her speech in her childhood.

"Dearest," he whispered, "what would you do if I kissed you?"

She wigwagged the answer back with her fingers: "I would shout for somebody to stop you."

And the little rabbits all exclaimed: "We're game."

Voice on wire: "Is this the lady that washes?"
Park Avenue: "Certainly not!"
V.O.W.: "Why, you dirty thing!"—Goblin.

Are lofty thoughts them there things which originate in an empty loft?

E. C. Corncomb was on a raspberry vinegar spree last night and ran into a barber pole. I asked him if he was all right, and he said:

"Yes, thanksh, but I never saw a woman with striped stockings kick so hard as that one did."

Masculine: "Do you know, I feel like a fool in a tux."

Feminine: "So Annabelle was telling me."

He suffered from noise in the head;
To forget it he went on a bat:
But the noise didn't cease 'till he jumped into bed,
And got away from the band on his hat.

Subtle in its own little way, but not exactly brilliant. The next is a better one:

"U" men are a lazy lot,
They always take their ease,
'Tis said that when they graduate
They do it by degrees.

Rather an exhausting pleasure, he thought. And yet . . . it was all they had left him. They had taken his gambling from him, his whiskey, his beer . . . everything! He wondered dimly when they would take this last delight. . . .

But they haven't taken it yet, he thought fiercely, and smiling a wan smile he went on beating his wife.

Since poets are born, and not paid, I'll write no more verses for a while.

—ROMEO.

a new country, where even an ordinary Arts student is considered to be more or less wasting his life. But however natural this condition may be, it is equally deplorable.

True it is that we do try to make up our want by organizing student groups to encourage the practice of the fine arts, particularly music. So we have our Glee Club, our Orchestra, our Twenty Club, our Writers' Club, and our Dramatic Society. These bodies encourage what ability may be evident in us,



Jan. 28, 1929.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—That which has engaged and been subscribed to by the greatest minds of all the centuries; that numbers and at all times has numbered amongst its adherents, giants of intellect; for which millions have fought and died and thousands have suffered martyrdom; that which has been the greatest civilizing influence that the world has known; that has endured throughout all the centuries and stood the test of time, education and progress; that continues, virile and vital, to be the greatest force in the whole civilized world: has been airily waived aside, dismissed, declared out of court and read out of the party by the, obviously, pseudo-philosopher, with the obviously infantile intellect (?), that wrote the editorial appearing in your last issue, under the title, "What is Religion?"

All the "creeds, dogmas and denominations"—and that, I take it, takes in the whole field of Christianity—have been condemned absolutely and entirely. He complains at being called "irreligious"—but he seems to be to be merely foolish.

Whilst unproved (allegedly) scientific assumptions, such for instance as man's alleged descent from monkeys, may conflict with religion, true scientific knowledge and actual scientific facts, do not. But if, as some claim, they do, surely it would be religion itself—belief in God—and not denominationalism—that would be in conflict.

Fools continue to rush in where angels—tread reverently.

J. CORMACK.

Calgary, Alta.,

Jan. 20, 1929.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—My copy of The Gateway of the 17th reached me here today, and I note with pride the high tone and comprehensive treatment of every phase of student activity. You are indeed to be complimented on the dignified appearance and journalistic quality of the U. of A. student publication.

I note with particular interest and not a little regret your short editorial re "The Boxing and Wrestling Club." As an alumnus and boxing enthusiast, I trust I may be excused for referring to a matter of personal interest.

Boxing has long been termed "the manly art," but has also been regarded as brutal and low-brow by those who do not understand the science or who have never been in the ring.

Of all amateur athletic sports, boxing calls for the very best there is in a man. It requires courage to a marked degree, perfect coordination of mind and muscle, poise and self-control, under the most trying circumstances. These are qualities that carry over into other walks of life, and which a University man should possess. No other sport can do as much to develop them.

From the physical view-point, boxing is the perfect conditioner because it brings into play every muscle and every motion must be studied and coordinated.

In your editorial you suggest that lack of leadership is the reason for the knock-out blow the sport has apparently received at the U. of A. Undoubtedly, it requires a leader and organizer to attend to the details of running any club, whether it be the Cercle Francais or the Table A Cribbage team, but of all sports, boxing is the one which requires individual initiative. Its greatest benefits accrue to those who take part, and it is up to every man who is at all interested to turn out, get himself into condition and ready for competition, to avail himself of the facilities provided at the University and to support Dr. Hardy, who is eminently capable of teaching the finer points of the game.

The initiative required to begin, the persistence necessary to become proficient, and the self-confidence and courage to meet competition, are the very elements that develop qualities of character which point to success in the battle of life.

The charge that amateur boxing develops pugnacity and arrogance is entirely unfounded. It is rather more significant that the effect on the individual who becomes proficient is to develop those qualities of sportsmanship, poise and self-control that are the true mark of gentility. Professional boxing is quite another matter, due to the elements of pecuniary gain and gambling practice that are associated with it, but even in the professional ranks are to be found individuals who have recognized the high ideals of their calling.

One could not have sat in the Stadium of the Sesqui in Philadelphia on that bleak afternoon in September, 1926, without feeling that here indeed was a contest where brain counted for more than brawn. It was a contest where sportsmanship won for Tunney the world's title as well as the world's respect, for with his consummate skill and courage was a poised, dignified and impressive bearing not unmixed with refinement, that marked him from the time he entered the ring until his hand was

and bring to light much talent that without them would undoubtedly remain hidden. But, despite their efforts, the fact remains that the majority of us have little chance to develop an acquaintance with those fine arts without which no education is complete, unless we turn to other institutions for it.

Therefore when we are given an opportunity to learn in our own buildings, if not to execute the masterpieces of the musical geniuses, at least to develop our knowledge and appreciation of them, it behooves us to take it and to be thankful for it. Such an opportunity is offered us every Sunday afternoon.

raised—a champion and a gentleman in every sense of the word.

Amateur boxing within the University and under proper tuition offers a means of character training and body building of the highest order. Surely there are now men at Varsity who are interested in the art of self-defence and who wish to develop the qualities of initiative, self-reliance, courage and sportsmanship, and who recognize in boxing the means of so doing. The opportunity presented by the Boxing Club may not be present again when college days are over.

It is to be hoped that boxing will take its rightful place at the University of Alberta, as it has done at the older institutions where it has long been recognized as a bulwark of men.

The Manly Art

Some say that our boxing is brutal, And perhaps from the ringside it's true, But the man in the ring can't feel the blows sting, He is fighting for joy, not for you.

It's the mad age-old lust for battle, That thinks not of trouble or pain,

Though the flowing blood cakes and the bruised muscle aches, He will long for the combat again.

Youth meets with much it can't fathom,

Great demons that cannot be hit, Our longing for foes that can give and take blows,

We play with the gloves for a bit. A. S. BARKER, '26.

High Hat Princeton

The high silk or opera hat is being worn by Princeton students on formal occasions this year for the first time since the war, according to the Princeton Alumni Weekly.

At the senior prom, forty "toppers" were worn by undergraduates attending the dance, and a week later, at a joint concert of the Yale and Princeton musical clubs, twenty-two were counted. A Princeton merchant sold twenty-four of the hats in one week this year, while he sold none at all last year.—Haverford News.

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Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

FULLER—AN APPRECIATION

By E. A. Corbett, M.A.

(The following is the first review to be published of Dr. Broadus' book "Fuller", which is just off the press. We are pleased to be able to offer it to our readers.)

I have just finished reading a Fuller anthology, by Dr. Broadus, recently published by the Oxford Press, and my first feeling is one of gratitude that someone has taken the trouble to bring this 17th Century Puck back to life again in readable form.

As a matter of fact, it is a book that should not be read all at once as I have done. As an old Guernsey seaman once said to me on a worthy occasion, "ce n'est pas la manière de goûter le cognac".

This collection, like old port, should be mulled and sipped.

Dr. Thomas Fuller (1608-1661) in the years between 1639 and 1660 turned out a round dozen of such ponderous and forbidding volumes as:

"The History of the Holy Warre", "The Holy and Profane State", "The Church History of Britain", "The History of the University of Cambridge".

and what is more, he made people like them and him.

As Dr. Broadus points out in his introduction:

"Who would seek lively reading in a collection of characters illustrating 'The Good Wife', 'The Good Husband', 'The Good Widow' under the heading 'The Holy State'? Surely these must be (the words are Fuller's) mere 'auxiliary books only to be repaired to on occasions, or even such as are mere pieces of formality so that if you look on them you look through them; and he that peeps through the casement of the index sees as much as if he were in the house'. And then some light-hearted adventure essays to turn a page or two of Fuller for the adventure's sake. Be it the 'Church History' or the 'Worthies' or the 'Holy State' or any one of half a dozen of the minor things, he discovers that no subject is so solemn or so dry, no compilation of a biography is so commonplace, but Fuller will lighten it with his gaiety, or mellow it with his charity, or irradiate it with his wit, or twist it with a quaint conceit."

Contemporaneous Opinion

"Most of Fuller's contemporaries liked him enormously. It was an age of verbal gymnastics and quick conceits. They liked puns, and Fuller was the most inveterate of punsters. Nor did they prize him merely for his tricks. They liked him because he could be at once wise and merry."

That Samuel Pepys thought highly of Fuller is evident from the number of extracts in his Diary in which he refers to him:

"2nd Jan. 1660/61. 'I met with Dr. Thomas Fuller, and took him to the Dog, where he tells me of his last and great book that is coming out, that is, the 'History of all the Families in England'; and could tell me more of my own than I knew myself. And also to what perfection he hath now brought the art of memory; that he did lately to four eminently great scholars dictate together in Latin, upon different subjects of their proposing, faster

than they were able to write, till they were tired; and that the best way of beginning a sentence, if a man should be out and forget his last sentence (which he never was)"—first year Latin please note—"that then his last refuge is to begin with an utemque."

Charles Lamb's Collection

And Charles Lamb has a collection of "Specimens from the Writings of Fuller, the Church Historian" that would make excellent reading for the Editor of Casserole, for example:

Virtue in a short person—"His soul had but a short diocese to visit, and therefore might the better attend the effectual informing thereof".

Intellect in a very tall one—"Of times such who are built four stories high are observed to have little in their cockpit".

Elder brother—"Is one who made haste to come into the world to bring his parents the first news of male posterity, and is well rewarded for his tidings".

And here is a good one for Biblical literalists:

Text of St. Paul—"Let not the sun go down on your wrath—men in Greenland, where the day lasts a quarter of a year, have plentiful scope for revenge".

Death-bed temptations—"The Devil is most busy on the last day of his term; and a tenant to be ousted cared not what mischief he doth".

Memory—"Philosophers place it in the rear of the head, and it seems the mine of memory lies there, because there men naturally dig for it, scratching it when they are at a loss".

Lively in Quotations

The difficulty in reviewing this little book is that, like the old lady's Shakespeare, it is so full of quotations that one would like to keep on indefinitely. In Leslie Stephens' article on Fuller in "The Cornhill Magazine" of January, 1872, there is scarcely a line that can be taken from its context; it is like a string of pearls, Leslie Stephens' comments being nothing more than the string to hold the pearls together; but in comparing Fuller with Bacon he has this shrewd comment to make:

"In Bacon's essays there is always that sub-acid flavour natural to a man who has had harsh experience and looked at the seamy side of things as well as their surface. Fuller always shows the almost provoking optimism engendered by an easy and prosperous life, whilst even his subsequent trials never seem to have soured him—he enjoys a sort of rude intellectual health, which enables him to relish childish amusements to the end of his days."

This little book that Dr. Broadus has compiled with such care and appreciation has in it, I fancy, the very marrow of Fuller, and one can only wish in reviewing it that there were more space in which to note the wealth of wisdom and good fun on every page.

But the editor said a thousand words, and I think this makes 998, so I must stop, but I don't want to: I feel as if I had been called away from a good dinner when I've only tasted the soup.

Fuller is a book I am going to own and carry about with me.

Restlessness

The fire was in my blood today,
The flame was in my mind,
So I took the woodland pathway
A-seeking for my kind.

The sun was bright above me,
But the wind was raw and chill,
So I gathered sticks and made a fire
In the shelter of the hill.

The night was dark and cloudless;
Never a star could I see,
But my fire burned high and it guided
The love that I sought to me.

—O. R. W.

Take flue, my dear, and let who will
get Scarlet,
Sniffle and sneeze, but do not get
a rash.
For he who gets a fever is a varlet,
And all they feed him then is milk
and

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Frozo

By O. E.

You say my work is somewhat worse today?

Aye, I suppose it is, the slightest touch.
The flicker of an eyelash will betray,
And there's an end to't. 'Tis not so much

Divides the human from mechanical
I've thought, and forthwith waxed
ironical.
What difference would you put 'twixt
him who earns

His wherewithal with endless motion:
turns

A small infinity of chilled steel nuts
Upon an equal number of like bolts
And him who turns an honest—but
no buts

I say an honest penny gulling dolts
And fools, a semblance of automaton?
Aye, what's the difference? But
you're right, you know,

I was upset this afternoon; the flow
And swirl of the crowd seemed differ-
ferent, somehow, on
The broad stretch round the corner.

From the floor
Some three feet up the noisy squirm-
ing mass

Of youngsters, noses pressed against
the glass:
"I see him breathe!" "Did yah?"
"Le's make him sore!"

Beyond stood men and women, group-
ed about,

Faces like jugs, credulity or doubt
Stamped upon each. Funny, isn't it,
How faces look alike, witless and wit,
With small external difference? Then

Aye, there's the rub!—a face as fresh
and clear

As a rain-washed daffodil; she was
quite near,

There, see, by the corner, a face
without a flaw,

Dark-eyed, soft-mouthed, half-
puzzled, half-amused,

Fender as—well, you know how a fel-
low feels

At times. For once I was surprised,
confused.

Immediately the shrill and raucous
squeals

f youngsters took me up, the sharp-
eyed brats!

I stared mechanically past all the
hats

Over blurred faces to her eyes, and
went

Jerkily, one leg after t'other, bent
A sheet, stiff bow. She turned her
eyes away

I wanted to run to her, smile and
say:

"I am no dummy, wax and steel, but
flesh,

Here, feel! as real, alive and fresh
As yours. What if I earned a good
round sum

Last week by darning all to make me
smile?

I can—for you—see? I'm not full
of guile

Like other men who go and come
And purchase art for tuppence. But
you, my dear . . .

Ah, well, 'twas but an idle dream.
That queer

Blond stripling that attends on me
held out

A special, "now at fifteen ninety-
eight

(Coats overstocked) I jerked and
looked about.

She was gone! Lost in a mist. Yes,
'tis fate,

Naught else. I wonder . . . perhaps
she's now at home,

Armchair and slipped fireside,
thoughts a-roam,

Any turning now her dainty head to
say:

"Daddy, I saw that funny thing to-
day,

A man like a machine; I took a peep
In the window. It really must be
human, don't you think,

Or you could hear the works inside
him clink?

And they have coats there really
awfully cheap!"

The PIG'S EYE



While we congratulate our esteemed contemporary of the "Sou's Ear" on his masterful handling of a decidedly involved sea story, we are at the same time somewhat envious of a career which has apparently been so productive of strange and stirring experiences. No one, we feel, could have written such a tale without having been on the Glasgow ferry or at least have had pea-soup with a fellow seaman.

Confined, then, as we are, to events of a more moderate turn, we sought a subject which might yield some passing interest, and our first thought was to the Saturday night house dances. Here, we felt, was a topic eminently worthy of our facile pen. Here was romance, of a sort.

The Weekly Hop

The Saturday night hop appears to have been a quaint old Spanish custom introduced into the university's social life some decades ago. Just when, we are not prepared to say. Possibly not before the advent of the saxophone. Combining as it does the maximum of exercise with the minimum of mental effort, it seemed most suitable to the undergraduate forms of life. It not only provided music loving souls with a slight diversion, occasionally by sitting behind the piano between "tags," but it also was a means of reducing brash males to their proper level. It's all very well for the fresh things to high hat a girl at a formal where the out-of-town talent is in demand, but it's a different matter at a closed dance with a big stag line.

"As the Flowers that Bloom—"

Of the types, both male and talkative, which are found in such a gathering, we could write many pages no doubt. But time and a wrathful editor forbids. There is, of course, first and foremost, the popular freshette. She may or may not

SOMETHING ELSE WRONG WITH THE UNIVERSITY

Or Rather, With Some of Its Component Parts

The Two Classes

Some time ago a business man of my acquaintance asked for my impressions of university undergraduates.

I immediately sought a division in so large a field, and put the students into two general classes—those who come of their own volition for their own improvement, and those who come with the paternal cheque in their right hand and the maternal "God's-blessing" still fresh on their brow.

I told him that the first group comprised the men and women occupying every position of trust and authority in university life, and that from its ranks might be drawn every scholar and leader that this institution has produced. I then set out to tell him of the other class—the college kindergarten—when a friend beckoned him from behind the green curtains of a beer-parlor, and he excused himself without as much as extending an invitation to me.

However, I bear the chap no malice, and have written this in the hope that he may see it, and thus be able to complete a conversation which had been interrupted so abruptly by the clinking of hoary-headed steins of beer.

Consider these lambs that we have so arbitrarily shorn from the flock. They are for the most part tenderly young, either in years or in experience. The glamour of campus life has quite bowled them over, and their rapture leads them from one infantile folly to another. Plato examines an ideal state and an ideal man. Without presumption, let us examine our college "schoolboy" Archibald, who is the epitome of his juvenile fellows.

The "Archibalds"

Archibald would rather be good-looking than well-educated, and is more interested in his mirror than his mind. He is last in class standings and first on dance lists. He giggles in lectures, gossips in the library, and throws sugar-lumps in the Tuck. He talks endlessly of himself, of his women, of his capacity for liquor. If you are palpably bored he will switch warily to magazines or music, and talk of Liebestraum's "Song of Love" with startling ignorance. He attends concerts to be seen at them, and hardly has the doggedness to last to the end. Archibald has no sincere convictions, because he remodels his feeble fancies to fit every man's standards in turn. He has no gristle to his mind; no stability of purpose. He is a pathetic bit of flotsam adrift on a sea which is much too rough,

SWALLOW

O swallow
Winging home
Could I but follow
Whence you roam—
Over the water, past the hill
Up to the eaves of the great grey mill.
A flutter of wings—you are out of sight,
If I followed, sir, could I stay tonight
In your little cabin of molded clay
With your fledgling brood neatly tucked away?

Swallow
Flying far
If I follow
Would you flee to a star?
Or would you merrily coax me then
Around the earth and back again
Till I was weary and seeking rest?
When you'd catch me and drop me
into your nest
And cover me up against the weather
With a dappled giant of a feather.
Swallow, O swallow, whence do you
fare
Gliding along through the soundless
air?

—O. R. W.

be beautiful. That doesn't matter. At least she's different and that counts for much. After all, the old familiar faces do pall on one despite the protestations of Charles Lamb. The freshette, then, blooms like the rose. Now is the time to pin down the wary male, and if possible make provisions for long fruitless seasons to follow. So assuming what she fondly believes to be that "come hither" look our heroine tosses her dark () fair () tawny () (mark your choice with an x and write plainly) locks and the fray is on.

Aged in Green and Gold

Then there are those to whom tragedy has a more definite meaning, last year's queens. Still as lovely as ever, still as graceful as ever, but not new. "Aye, there's the rub" (Psalms, 3:24). Strange how faces once almost repulsive take on a new brightness. The humbler souls who stood on the outside fringe but a few short months ago now find themselves at the very feet of these youthful if petulant dowagers. Grace appears in lines which were merely awkward before. There is even a certain nobility of character to those not carried away by the coarse rush for fresher fields. On with the dance! There are still loyal if somewhat clumsy hearts.

We could go on like this no doubt, but we cannot. The memory of our first bewildered entry in the lists overpowers us. There are so many types. The saxophone player who will some day blow his brains out through one of those little holes. The banjo player who gins up these tired old arches. The pianist who makes us a little sad and wistful when we think that we, too, might have been like that if we had eaten our spinach. The sparkling eyes, the little dancing feet, the long-lost loves who now bring but sweet pain to our bosom—O Hell, we're drooling again! The fallen arches, the lost collar button, the laundry that never came back—it's time we quit this game. Once we get that Tuck bill paid up and the back porch painted we'll call it a day and let some of these younger, stronger men have a try. Yes, indeed!

money because twenty-four hours after the expenditure of this time, energy and money, the work has to be all done over again; thus shaving is a factor in increasing the high cost of living.

It is estimated that a man spends ninety-nine hours a year shaving, and if you add to this cost in time, the cost of razors and razor blades, soaps and perfumes, styptic pencils and adhesive tape, it can easily be seen what enormous expenditure this one useless custom is responsible for.

All this takes no account whatever of the mental anguish and physical torture involved, and in some cases this is considerable. To appreciate the truth of this you must stay at some small town hotel on a cold winter's night, a place where modern plumbing is unheard of and hot water for shaving a thing unknown. When you get up and go to that basin filled with ice-cold water, the first strokes of your lather brush send cold shivers up and down your spine, your teeth chatter like a pair of castanets, and you are shivering so that on the first stroke of the razor you cut your ear instead of your whiskers, and on the next you discover that each bristle is as tough as whale-bone and that you haven't another blade, so you continue to whittle away, suffering all the while until at last the deed is done, and you resolve to take the first opportunity of going into the corner drug store and buying some soothing lotion.

Some people think shaving must be a pleasure to a man because he sometimes whistles or makes gurgling noises in his throat in lieu of music while he is doing it. This is an utter fallacy which I must hasten to explode. The reason a man whistles when he is shaving is for the same reason that a small boy quaveringly whistles when walking home alone on a dark night—to keep up his courage, and nothing else.

You may argue that the ladies would not like it if the men didn't shave, but really you are quite wrong. You have only to drop into the Ritz in New York, or good old Ciro's in London, and see who is popular with the ladies. Is it the smooth-shaven and powdered-cheeked youths of the day? Bless you, no. It's the grey-beards with the trim Van Dyck's and the diamond tie-pins, and is it any wonder? Think of the air, the presence, the hauteur, a good Van Dyck gives you. You immediately become distinguished and stand out from the common herd.

In these days when women have so ruthlessly invaded man's domain and appropriated it for their own, we could at least doff them to grow a beard. They take our jobs, they wear our haircuts, and use our razors to shave their necks, and they wear our collars and smoke our cigarettes; but they can't have our Van Dycks—so let us proclaim the shaveless age, the age of man's emancipation from the tyranny of custom. All hail the Order of the Beard.

I submit, sir, that half the ills of a long-suffering humanity can be directly or indirectly traced back to this custom; homes have been broken up over it, sweethearts have parted over it, statesmen have quarrelled over it, in fact, sir, I believe it could be proved that nations have gone to war over it.

A serious indictment, you say, but nevertheless it's quite a reasonable one because there is no better way of ruining a man's good temper and amiability than by having him go through the process of shaving himself with cold water and a razor that would be more efficacious as a garden hoe were it a little larger, and once a man's good temper is ruined anything is possible. He may be cranky and disagreeable to his wife and this may lead to divorce; he may snap and growl at his stenographer and she will leave him, and so will his business; so it is easy to see possibilities in this direction. Yet custom demands that a man go clean-shaven to work, so we have the picture present to us of millions of men in millions of homes in every country under the sun, every morning, scraping, tearing, pulling and cutting their manly features until they look more like raw beef steaks than anything else, in an attempt to remove a growth which nature never intended should be removed.

I submit, sir, that the custom of shaving is an interference with a man's personal liberties and an economic waste as well. In the first place a man doesn't shave because he likes to, but because he has to. If he didn't shave he would become socially ostracised, and that would be bad for his business as well as his pleasure, so perforce he must shave whether he wishes to or not in order to maintain his place in society.

In the second place, shaving is an economic waste of time, energy and

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SPORTS



INTER-VARSITY SWIM MEET SOON

Saskatchewan to Meet Alberta Men at End of February—Inter-Class Meet

The Inter-varsity Swimming meet between teams representing the University of Saskatchewan and University of Alberta will take place in all likelihood at the end of February. As the Saskatchewan U. swimming team has received an invitation to participate at an International Swim meet at the University of Minnesota in the near future, the wearers of the Green and White Jantzens that represent Saskatchewan against Alberta will be the second string men—and they are confident of a victory.

Inter-class Meet

It has been decided that February 16 (Saturday) will be the most auspicious date for the annual inter-year swimming gala. All swimmers wishing to enter this competition are advised to see their year representative as early as possible. This is your chance to display your prowess with a view to becoming a member of the inter-varsity team. The representatives are:

Freshmen—Ted Baker.
Sophs—Jim Thom.
Juniors—Ken Argue.
Seniors—Bob McKechnie.

City League Meet

In the city league meet the Varsity team lost by 16 points—not without breaking records. Kay McConkey broke the provincial record (held by herself) for the plunge for distance. The team captain narrowly missed winning the hundred yards—by a mere splash, as it were. The most exciting event of the meet was the relay, which we lost by a very narrow margin. In the 50 yards, Jack Duggan lost by a fifth of a second. The girls' 100 went to Kay McConkey. The final score was: West End 57, Varsity 41, South Side 11.

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PUGS AND MAT-MEN TRAIN FOR MEET

Possibility of an Intersarsity Meet—Twenty Men Working Out

The Boxing and Wrestling got away to a flying start on Wednesday last when about twenty members turned out and received the once over by Dr. Hardy. Again on Friday under the able tutelage of Mr. Taylor, the club held a light workout, and all are looking forward to the future meetings. It has been proposed that for the sake of co-operation and unity the club be organized as such with a definite membership and all arrangements are being made to carry this idea into effect.

Intersarsity Meet

Negotiations are being carried on with the University of Saskatchewan with a view to securing an intersarsity meet if possible. Alberta has a wealth of talent that should not be wasting its sweetness on the desert air. An announcement as to the results of the negotiations should be forthcoming in the near future.

Wrestlers

The Wrestling Club, which has been lagging behind somewhat, has been given a boost that should carry it over the top. Dr. Dodds has been secured as wrestling instructor, and will be able to show the finer points of the game to the best of them. Dr. Dodds will be on hand every Wednesday and Friday evenings, and all prospective grapplers should begin rounding into shape and take advantage of this instruction.

ON DEFENCE



GORDIE BUCHANAN

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PHONE 2555

MAY WE SAY?

If the hockey team has not been particularly lucky this season in regard to wins, we have at least one Varsity aggregation that seems out to win regularly: none other than Wally Sterling's Varsity Braves, in other words, the men's senior basketball team. Twice this year this team have met their only opponents, the "Y" Seniors, and twice this year they have defeated their opponents by decisive scores. This coming Friday night, February 1st, these two teams meet for the third time, and another good game is assured. The "Y" Seniors are far from being a weak basketball team, as their showing to date, and particularly that of last year, goes to show. But Wally Sterling is out to turn the tables this year (as he did in rugby), and fans may look for another victory Friday.

It can not be said the refereeing in last Tuesday's senior hockey game left nothing to be desired. Four of the goals scored against the Green and Gold looked offside, but were not called so by the referee. The Varsity team protested on the ice Tuesday night to no avail, and as a result a formal protest was sent in by the manager of the team in the hopes of securing another referee for tonight's game against the Superiors. The members of the hockey team feel that they received anything but a square deal on Tuesday night; the team's play as a whole was very gratifying, and providing that the Green and Gold do not have to play against the referee tonight, they are going to set a pretty pace for the league leaders.

MED-DENTS WIN FROM COM-LAW-AG

Med-Dent Victory Tightens Up League Standing—Three Teams Tied

The Med-Dents considerably improved their chances of figuring in the post-season franchises by defeating the Com-Law-Ag boys on Tuesday evening to the tune of 3 to 1. By their victory the Med-Dents created a three-cornered tie for second place in the interfac. league. It augurs well for the winners, having defeated the league leaders, who are, however, still two points to the good. It is still anybody's league with about half the games played and there being only two points between teams.

Meds Score 3 in Third

Tuesday's game began with a scoreless period, the only semblance of a goal being an offside from Kinneir which was disallowed. The period had a decided Com-Law-Ag tinge, but Cousineau in goal was invincible. The second spasm and the rest of the game was decidedly all to the Med-Dents. Kendall started the scoring spurt with a pretty solo effort against which Cameron had no chance. Two minutes later Biggs went through and passed to Hav McLenahan, who finished it, to make the score 2-0 for the Meds. Immediately after, Gig Dobson let loose with one from the blue line which found the net. Early in the third Hess went through on an individual effort which accounted for the only Com-Law-Ag goal of the game.

Two Games Saturday

On Saturday two of the league games were played by the Science squad and the Med-Dents, which, after a hectic tussle, ended in a tie to the score of 1-1. Com-Law-Ag and Arts-Pharm supplied the excitement for the second game, in which the Com-Law-Ag emerged the victor with a one goal lead at 4-3. Both games were hotly contested, and as a result the league is at present pretty well tied up.

League Standing

Team.	W.	L.	D.	P.
The league stands at present at:				
Com-Law-Ag	3	2	1	7
Engineers	1	1	3	5
Arts-Pharm	2	2	1	5
Med-Dents	2	3	1	5

SPORTING SLANTS

Well, there's one consolation: the Varsity hockey team still has a mathematical chance of figuring in the playoffs. We hope our calculations are right.

Tuesday night's hockey game should have ended 3-2 for Varsity instead of 6-3 for the Elks. Four of the latter's goals were indisputably offside, but were counted valid by the referee. Varsity's first goal might have been ruled out, but the second, which was ruled offside, looked mighty good from the penalty-box.

There was no wilting in the third period on the Green and Gold's part in this game; the Elks were bottled up behind their own blue line.

Gilly told the referee that "... in the ground" and got three minutes for it!

The offside goals scored by the Elks didn't help the performance of the Green and Gold defence any; but it's a pretty tough proposition for a defence to stop offside rushes.

Ross and Buchanan looked good on the Varsity team. And the subs did their duty nobly.

Saturday night ought to provide a great treat for the basketball fans. Not only are the girls going to show the Varsity Intermediates just how to score baskets, but also Sterling's Braves are going to try and put it over the Y again.

Another professional encounter! And this time they are going to take a whirl at hockey against the co-eds. Such will be the case if diplomatic negotiations now under way do not collapse.

There is going to be a boxing and wrestling tournament. Shades of Stan. Barker!

VARSITY SENIOR BOYS WIN AGAIN

Take Second League Basketball Game from Y.M.C.A. by 35-24 Score

Last Friday evening Varsity's Senior basketball team defeated the "Y" stalwarts in a fast and exciting league fixture. The few spectators who were on hand to witness the encounter were treated to a brand of basketball which has not often been seen here. Pullishy's efforts for the "Y" team were outstanding, while Shandro, Donaldson, Greenless and Brynildsen "hooped 'er up" in a highly commendable manner for the Green and Gold. This quintet was responsible for 34 of Varsity's 35 counters. Pullishy's uncanny knack of scoring from under the basket and in evading troublesome guards was responsible for his 12 points, the second highest individual score of the evening. All of the referee's decisions—and they were numerous—were accepted without question.

PROFS. WILL PLAY HOCKEY THIS TIME

Have Challenged Ladies' Senior Hockey Team to Game Saturday Afternoon

Here's some more news, folks! The Professors were so elated by their near-victory over the senior girls' basketball team a few weeks ago that the other day they summoned up enough nerve to challenge the girls' hockey team to a game. It is seldom that any one crew of athletes can hold their own in two such different sports as basketball and hockey. But you've got to hand it to the Professors for versatility! Observe, basketball ladies, that this time the challenge comes from the Professors! That looks as if they expected to win, doesn't it? We shall see.

The game takes place on Saturday afternoon at 3:30 at the Covered Rink. Mr. Taylor, manager of the Aged Athletics, Inc., announces that his squad will be chosen from:

Mr. Ottewill, Mr. Taylor, Dr. Ruthford, Mr. Cook, Mr. Galbraith, Mr. Webb, Dr. Carl Clark, Mr. Bowstead, Dr. Henry, Dr. Lang.

LADIES' HOCKEY TEAM PLAY AGAIN

Second Game With Monarchs Next Monday—First Game Lost 3-1

Providing that Jack Frost relents and redeems his cruel conduct of the last week, Varsity hockey fans will be due to see on Monday evening another terrific struggle between the senior ladies' hockey team and the Edmonton Monarchs. The Monarchs have the advantage of a win over the Varsity girls 3-1 in their only encounter so far, but the season is not over, and Coach Red McLean feels sure that his performers on the silver blades will yet render a good account of themselves. In the first game they were matched with two weeks training against an organization which had been intact since the first touch of winter and undergoing a hard training schedule from that time. Considering the circumstances, Varsity did well. Having seen the game, we would say that the girls were unfortunate in not having secured more than one counter for the evening's work.

GIRLS' B.B. TEAM VS. INTERMEDIATES

Game With Manitoba Girls Postponed—Friday Night May See Cast-offs

Basketball fans will be disappointed to learn that the visit of the Manitoba Ladies' team, originally planned for this coming Saturday night, will not materialize for at least ten days more. Word received this week from Winnipeg makes it clear that the eastern organization will definitely be unable to make the trip just now. There is a strong likelihood that the game can be arranged for Monday, February 11, but for the present fans will have to possess their tickets in patience.

Intermeds, or Girls of '22
Realizing the heartbreak this news would cause the public, the girls decided that they would have some kind of a game anyway on Friday. And some kind of a game it will be! The men's intermediate aggregation have volunteered as victims, and the girls expect the evening's tussle will show that, young or old, men are dumb when it comes to basketball. To ensure that this impression is created they have decided—if the Committee on Student Affairs is willing—that the boys shall be handicapped severely by being made to wear the cast-off uniforms of the ladies of '22 or thereabouts.

Senior Game Also
This game will not be the only drawing card on the evening's programme, for on the same night, and immediately after this tussle, the senior men's team will tackle the "Y" seniors in the gym, and a second real game is looked for.

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DIGRESSION ON THE WEATHER

"Rather nippy, eh, what?" said George, as we hurried away from Lab.

"More idiotic—," I began. "Tut, tut, old thing," he interrupted, "don't pull that one about platitudes, again. Still, when it's 40° below, one can't help remarking about it. Brrr! Let's mosey."

And mosey we did. As soon as we had reached the warmth of the hall, we met Al. "Speaking of the cold," said George, "which we weren't," he put in hurriedly, as I opened my mouth to speak, "reminds me of Old Baron Munchausen—let's nip upstairs; I believe I can find his story of the cold winter ride they had."

"Pull up the chairs around the old radiator," I told them, "let's bask in its mellow glow."

"Ah, yes, here it is," said George. "Shall I read it?"

"If it's any comfort to you, carry on," said Al.

A Whopper
"Our friend the Baron had left St. Petersburg for parts unknown. The winter," he says, "was then so uncommonly severe all over Europe that ever since the sun seems to have been frost bitten. At my return to this place I felt on the road greater inconveniences than those I had ever experienced on my setting out."

"I travelled post, and finding myself in a narrow lane, bid the postilion give a signal with his horn, that other travellers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might; but his endeavors were all in vain, he could not make the horn sound; which was unaccountable, and rather unfortunate. . . . After we arrived at the inn, my postilion and I refreshed ourselves; he hung his horn on a peg near the kitchen fire; I sat on the other side."

Preserved Music
"Suddenly we heard a Tereng! Tereng! tereng! We looked around, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn: his tunes were frozen up in the horn, and came out now by thawing, plain enough, and much to the credit of the driver, so much so that the honest fellow entertained us for some time with a variety of tunes without putting his mouth to the horn."

"Not so bad," said Al, "but there is a passage in Sir John Mandeville's travels that can parallel it."

"Really?" said George. "Is't possible?"

And so Al brought his contribution.

A Bigger Whopper
"We were separated by a storm in the latitude of 73°," he begins, "inasmuch that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and a French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed, in order to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed that in talking to one another, we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that, too, when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air, before they could reach the ears of the persons to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in the conjecture when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf: for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking and no man heard."

What Did You Say?
"We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were of mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter S, that occurs so often in the English. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short vowels, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard everything that had been spoken during the whole three weeks that we had been silent, if I may use that expression."

"My, my," said George sorrowfully, "you win! What a tale. Let's thank Heaven it hasn't reached that point here."

Which we did. —DAGONET.

Eternity

After the ages have vanished
And the mountains are beaten away
Lovers will sing to their maidens
—The children laugh as they play,
And the true, true things of the life we live
Will remain as they are today.
Rest when the day is over,
Sleep to the weary eyes,
And an early song of gratitude
As the lark greets the sunrise,
And the clouds like sedate bands of sheep
Drifting across the skies.
When the unborn years are numbered,
Valued and laid away
The worth-while things will remain the same
As ever they are today,
The lover's kiss—the lone lark's song,
The clouds—and a child at play.

Well, fellow Engineers, since this is being written on Saturday, and we have only six or seven hours to bath, shave, comb our hair, powder our nose, eat and get dressed for the Saturday night hop, we really must leave you. Toot pip.

ON FRIENDSHIP

By K.

Am.: This call I friendship in this song:
(sings)
The years are past; they're dead and gone,
But not their memories;
And Time goes on, goes on, and on
To its extremities.
And yet, O friend, I still remember
To me you owe ten bob since last December.

(Old Play)
As Cicero puts it: Nam et secundas res splendiores facit amicitia, et adversas, partem communicansque, leviores.—We are sorry, long-suffering reader; it was not our intention to cause you—if the sight of our prefixed initial has made you consider it worth while—to go to the room of your Honour Classics friend. We really meant to give you the English of the foregoing quotations. But alas! we have laid our English version of the great Roman orator aside somewhere, and, recollecting that this passage may fall under the critical eyes of our former Latin professor, we dare not attempt a translation of our own.

For there was a time when we were considered not the poorest in a Latin class, and we are ashamed to let it be known how we have forgotten what we so painfully learnt. But that, after all, is the way of human flesh: we forget. Even our old friends whom we knew and loved so well we forget as the years go by; slowly their faces are lost to us. A poet could make a very neat comparison between a paradigm of an exercise book forgotten and a feature of an old friend's face gone beyond recollection, between losing to remembrance the accident and syntax of a language, and the form and actions of a friend.

But something remains. It is the way of human flesh, not to forget all that has brought ease with trouble, pain with pleasure. The spirit of the thing, the spirit of the language, the spirit of the friend, are never forgotten, but exist always as sweet memories and to smooth the ragged lines in the edifice of the past. The trivial things of a moment's breath are with us for all eternity. Considerate reader, you have spent all the years of your life amassing facts, tables, dates, laws, principles, theories; ten years from now how much of all this detail will you know?

We are reminded of a conversation we had with a senior the other day. He was a fine chap, had made wonderful marks in all his examinations, had won an honoured name in this institution, was already well known outside it, was prominent in athletics, debating, social life, and

other student affairs—was, in fact, everything that well-bred freshmen here are determined to become. In our innocent zeal to know the ways of the world we asked him what, as he looked back upon his eighteen years of education, he considered his greatest achievement. Was it his scholastic record, the fact that he once won a gold medal, with the motto, "Quaecumque vera," on the reverse, for making ninety-eight in Modern Tahitian Philology? No. Was it his athletic record, the fact that he had twice led a victorious team to a distant province? No. Was it his social record, the fact that he had become the most popular dance-partner that attends our functions, and that he knew fourteen different mystifying card-tricks? No. Was it anything like this? The senior smiled slowly—as seniors will—shook his head calmly, and replied in a way that we will never forget, that of all the successes which had met him on the road to knowledge, and of all the triumphs which had been his on the voyage of learning, that which he believed spoke best for him, and that which he considered would be his chiefest benefit, was this, that in the progress of his education he had made three friends. To us astonished he continued, saying that he held it most to his credit that he had forced a way into three hearts which, though difficult of entrance, admitted no exit. These men were not of the common kind; in fact, he had few other than acquaintances among the large body of students; for most people here, he said, are insensible creatures, knowing neither much of pleasure nor much of pain, attracted only by the superficial, and wrapped up in selfish pursuits. But to these three men he had become bound with ops of steel; of this he was more proud than of all his other works.

Long-suffering reader, we apologize again. We intended to write about friendship, and somehow we wandered off and started talking about friends—quite different things—far less transient. See how we even went to the trouble to hunt up a selection on friendship from an old play for you. We were all set to bring in our unavoidable friends, George and Charley, and tell you of how the latter took Miss Walpole to church, and how the former teased him about it, and how—

We would never have dared otherwise to write what we did above for you. You are too mercilessly intellectual for so large a dose of sentiment. But now that it is written, and it is too late tonight to start over again to tell you about George and Charley, we are just going to stand by what we have written and bear the onset of your scorn.

HIGH SHOTS
and
BACKFIRES

(Notes from an Engineer's Diary)

We had our pictures taken this week. What's more, we had intended to reproduce them with this column, but after thinking the matter over we decided that, owing to the proximity of the Junior tests, it would be better to leave them out. If we were to publish them, you would become so weak from laughing that you could not hope to write a successful test paper.

Here is the 1929 version of the Engineer's unholy yell:
We are, we are, we are the Engineers;
We do, we do, we love the Wau-neiteers;
Pick one, pick one, pick one and come with us,
And we'll bet you a buck, to chop suey at the Tuck,
That they'll all fall in love with us.
Copyright, 1929, by Fagnip.

Hint for Aggies: A horse will go to water, but a pencil must be lead.
Dr. Sonet requests that the Engineers, who are in such a hurry to attend their Math 22 class, do not bang on the blooming door.

Which reminds us that Professor Nicholls is authority for the statement (Physics 6) that "a man must be hot to be efficient." If you doubt this, ask Fred "Juicy" Mellon, the Master Mind of Drawing 4; he knows his co-ends.
Frank Wiley: "Where were you last night?"
Dorothy Dix: "Why, I was with you."
F.W.: "Yes, but where was I?"

Bob Drinnan: "I just saw Curly Ainsworth trying to kiss your daughter in the Chem. lab."
Hango: "Did he kiss her?"
Bob: "No, she wouldn't let him."
Hango: "Then it wasn't my daughter."

Bad news for the Engineers: Four thousand dozen bottles of beer were destroyed by fire in Windsor.

Answers to Questions
Dear Fagnip: What is an Operetta? —Signed, R. C. McPherson.
Dear "Mucker": Don't be dumb. It's a girl who works for a telephone company.

Well, fellow Engineers, since this is being written on Saturday, and we have only six or seven hours to bath, shave, comb our hair, powder our nose, eat and get dressed for the Saturday night hop, we really must leave you. Toot pip.

—FAGNIP.

A STUDY IN ZOOLOGY

Or

Pride Goeth Before a Fall

The Hero

Life was a race, and a pleasant one, to Willie. It had to be, if he was to keep the requisite hop and a half ahead of the slipper, which lurked, like Nemesis, ever close to him. For Willie was a very prince, a paragon among cockroaches. Like all other princes, Russian of course excepted, Willie was lord omnipotent of a lordly demesne. At least, so far as his needs were concerned, he was. And what creature, be he cockroach or human, could ask for more?

The Villains

Away last fall the great sorrow began to creep into the soul of Willie. Rather sorrows, for there were two of them. Great big shambling creatures that invaded his realm and evidently intended to stay there. Not that Willie really objected to them. He enjoyed company, and they brought in all manner of things which he could nibble at, and play around, and even hide under. In fact, they even tried to play with Willie. Or at least he thought they did until he was sadly disillusioned. That Willie should have lived so long without getting disillusioned does not speak highly for his parental sources of information, nor for the company that he kept.

The Situation

Having escaped by the merest frog's hair from being crushed beneath a descending slipper, he began to realize that the situation was serious. So serious that he was quite grieved with it. It almost looked as if he would have to ask them to move on. But being a kindly dispositioned soul, he preferred to use peaceful methods of intimidation.

He began to muster out his clan and hold little indignation meetings in the middle of the rooms. His persecutors had an unpleasant habit of breaking these up, but as Willie one day remarked to his cousin, "If they can stand it, I can."

The Setting

Then came winter. Winter always has an established reputation for coming. But it merely meant Xmas to Willie. He didn't mind. He had hoped that perhaps his relentless foes would let up a little in view of the weather. It never crossed his little mind, with all its cockroachish innocence, that his opponents would even stoop to enlist the weather in the war that they waged with him.

The End

It was all so sudden. One evening, when Willie had just crept forth for the twilight reconnoitre, there was a strange chilliness in the air. But taking his courage and wrapping it around him with all six feet he sallied forth. He had barely reached the middle of the room when a sudden blast of wintry air smote him. Suddenly he saw it all. Oh, the treachery of it all! The paths and

horror that they had brought into the war. It was too much for Willie. He turned over, feebly kicked and passed out completely.

The Effect

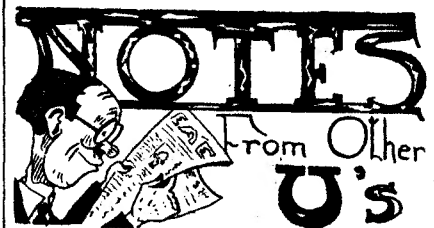
Later his enemies, repenting of the deed they had done, buried him with all honours and raised a monument over his head.

There is a moral here, dear children. Read and weep.
Willie was a cockroach,
A hale and lusty bug,
And many were the students
Familiar with his mug;
For twice a day he sallied forth
From holes they could not plug.

Now Willie, as a cockroach,
Was cocky as could be,
And all the students, watching,
Disliked his jollity—
Cursed him—and Willie, hearing,
Said,
"Can they be meaning me?"

So then his ancient enemies
Merged brains and brawn together:
They hoisted all the windows up
And left them there a breather.
Now Willie is a lifeless bug,
A victim of the weather.

—O.R.W.



Le "Gateway"

Le "Gateway" est l'organe des étudiants de l'Université de l'Alberta. Dans le dernier numéro que nous recevons, nous voyons le compte-rendu en français d'une conférence faite sur André Maurois, l'écrivain français qui s'est appliqué depuis quelques années surtout à étudier le tempérament, les habitudes, les qualités . . . et même . . . non pas les défauts, mais les dissemblances de caractère des saxons et des français.

Le journal des jeunes qui seront les chefs de demain manifeste là un louable état d'esprit.

Bravo!
L'attitude décente, courtoise et si canadienne des autorités de l'Université est une de celles qui plaisent à nos compatriotes.

Dans notre province de l'Alberta, les anglo-saxons font montre envers nous d'une largeur de vue, d'une estime de notre nationalité qu'il faut constater. Et ce que la tête dirigeante pense et accomplit, la jeunesse d'aujourd'hui, génération agissante de demain, le fera avec un empressement encore plus grand.—La Survivance.

Jerusalem.—Scientists here claim to have found the mummy of the favorite wife of King Solomon.

With the body, it is reported, was a Hebrew parchment scroll, believed to be in the handwriting of King Solomon, relating the manner of his wife's death and extolling her virtues. The woman died under tragic circumstances, it is believed. She was an Egyptian.—Intercollegiate Press.

Undergraduates of Princeton will establish a school in Labrador as a result of interest shown by students in the Grenfell Mission there during the last summer. The school will be supported both financially and in service by the students.

The old skin game is reflected in The Branding Iron's definition of college spirit: A vague interest in sheepskin, a keen interest in coonskin, a mania for pigskin.—The Weekly Exponent.

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TRY A MEAL AND GET
THE TUCK SHOP HABIT

Kingston, Ont. (I.P.).—In a recent editorial the Queen's University Journal lays claim to the fact that Queen's University was the originator of the game of hockey.

The editorial, in part, follows: "Queen's University is the birth-place of hockey. Away back in the eighties of the last century the first game of ice-hockey was played here in Kingston by Queen's students. Since that day the growth of the game has been phenomenal. It has become Canada's national pastime, a game that is distinctly Canadian, despite the fact that the past few years have seen it grow in popularity wherever natural or artificial ice is available in the United States. It has been placed in the realm of 'big business' sports by the American promoters, and has found a position in the program of the Olympic games."

ROBOT GEORGE
The Mechanical Man

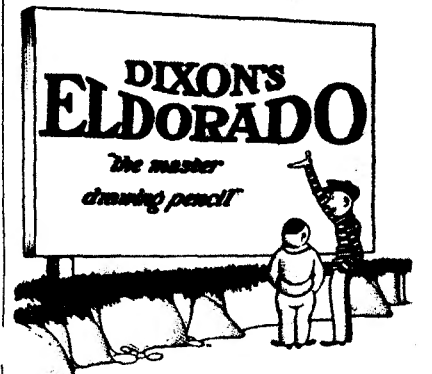
Now that science has definitely proved the practicability of the mechanical "man" or Robot, many are hazardous guesses as to its influence on our future activities, if activities there are. The reason for the qualification will be obvious if you feel like reading the rest of this.

The inventors of the several types of Robot recently developed claim that, routine duties being taken care of by his brain-children, man will have time to pursue higher things. In other words, we shall all become delvers into deep scientific and philosophic theories, unhampered by the thought that we must stoke the furnace, run errands, brush our teeth, or even turn off the light. The Robot will attend to these sordid tasks for us. The universal slogan will be, "Let George do it."

As we gaze at our fellows (and ourselves), we wonder just how far this sentiment will be carried. We venture to think that not a few of us will not only be satisfied to "let George" do the unromantic routine duties, but we will also be quite content if he goes further and carried on that "search for scientific and philosophic truths" which his coming is supposed to leave us free to do.

The only solution we can think of is the restriction of George's activities by law to only routine stunts so that those sufficiently imbued with "get up and go" will do the thinking along scientific and philosophic lines.

FOR TAXI PHONE 4444



Damon—
"What was the name of that pencil Professor Williams was recommending this morning?"

Pythias—
"Eldorado—my boy, Eldorado! Just think of a fabled land of ease and happiness—where no one flunks—where pencils are the magic sticks of achievement. Then you can never forget it."

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THE VALUE OF ENGLISH TO THE ENGINEER

A thorough grounding in English is one of the most valuable assets that the Engineer can possess. It is a universal tool; without it he can do nothing.

The University graduate, no matter in what faculty he studied, should be cultured. No one can possess this refinement unless he has studied English. No one who fails to have been brought into touch with something of the best in literature can hope to meet cultured men upon terms of ease and equality.

The study of literature opens up new avenues of thought and enjoyment. The Engineer whose interests are confined solely within the limits of his profession lives the narrowest and most resourceless of lives. Opportunities for relaxation, for recreation, and for inspiration are offered most freely by literature.

The Study of Men

The study of literature means the study of men. In the Proceedings of the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, Vol. XIX, Professor Frank W. Chandler writes in part: "In such literary forms as the epic, the drama, the prose fiction, great types of human character are displayed in all their variety by those whose experience of life has been the richest. These types of character are exhibited, not statically, but in action: their emotions, their motives, their morals, their conceptions of life are not merely analyzed and discussed, but are made vividly real. The student of literature witnesses as in a laboratory an absorbingly interesting series of experiments with selected specimens of human nature. He learns to observe, accurately, differences in temperament, the play of ruling passions, the workings of conscience, the clash of character upon character. For him the minds and hearts of these personages are laid bare. At the same time he remains no mere spectator of the human show, but for the moment becomes an eager participant in it. Thus he learns inductively to know the laws that govern human life—a matter of even greater practical importance than a knowledge of the laws that govern things. No amount of abstract teaching of psychology and ethics, of biography and history, can take the place filled by this concrete presentation through literature of types of character in action. It is in developing the student's knowledge of men, in enabling him to select and deal with men, that a study of literature should prove of inestimable service to the future engineer."

Practical Value

It is of paramount importance that the engineer be able to use his native language effectively. The following letter, written by a practicing civil engineer shows how important this is: "In the beginning of my experience as an engineer, one of the hardest problems I had to contend with was to write an intelligent, comprehensive report upon any engineering matter that came before me, and I am satisfied that many men, who might rise to something higher, are at least hindered, if not precluded, by a lack of appreciation of the possibilities of this field." With this training in English a man may be a good engineer, but he may

not be able to convince the average business man of this fact.

A considerable portion of the work of the practicing engineer consists in the preparation of written statements, varying in form and extent from a simple business letter to a complete report on some intricate technical subject, and as shown by the letter just quoted, inability to do this class of work has undoubtedly been a handicap to many in the profession. Quite often the failure to express himself explicitly has resulted in a costly lawsuit for some engineer.

Expression

An engineer has to express himself effectively to different sorts of minds. It is essential that he be able to give other men information which will be useful to them, and in such shape that they can use it. He has to make a technical subject clear to a non-technical reader. This requires a systematic training in accurate and thorough observation, clear perception of purpose, and adaption to purpose, all of which may be obtained through the study of literature. Samuel C. Earle, Professor of English at Tufts College, has this to say on the subject of technical writing: "Anyone who has any real knowledge of engineering literature knows that it is a form which it is difficult to write effectively. 'Contrary to the popular notion, the creation of so-called 'atmospheric' impression in literature is much easier and of a lower order of intellect, than to convey in familiar words exactly what was done and why. This also takes imagination.' And when the task is not one of recording merely, but of constructive creation, as in writing a long technical report, magazine article, or book, great skill is required to give really adequate treatment."

From the foregoing it is seen that the value of English to the engineer might be summed up as follows: It gives him that culture which is so necessary to the University graduate; it serves to broaden his mind and to provide him with a pleasant form of recreation; it helps him to understand men and the underlying forces which govern the human emotions; it enables him to conduct his business in a more businesslike and efficient manner; it enables him to make out his technical reports concisely and effectively; and finally, it permits him to convey his thoughts clearly and exactly to both the technical and the non-technical reader.

—PERCY A. FIELD.

DEBATERS TELL OF RECEPTION AT SASK.

Wershof and Surplis Had Wonderful Time During Visit to U. of Saskatchewan

The members of the travelling University of Alberta debating team, Max Wershof and Herb Surplis, have returned from Saskatoon with the most glowing accounts of the reception given them there. "We were entertained with the traditional Saskatchewan hospitality," was their comment upon their return.

Upon their arrival in Saskatoon on Thursday evening they were invited to the Engineers' Annual Ball, one of the big formal dances of the year. Their impressions of this seem mostly to be to the effect that it puts our dances here absolutely in the shade, and that it is one of the best dances they ever attended. Friday evening after the debate they were entertained at tea at the University, while on Saturday lunch was given them at Emmanuel College. The visit to Saskatoon ended with a big cabaret party Saturday evening, following which the weary orators crawled on the train for the return journey to Edmonton. Altogether they had a most successful visit from all points of view, and can look back on their visit to Saskatoon with the feeling that they have been shown a royal time all round.

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SUBDUED LIGHTING FOR UNDERGRAD

John Bowman's Macdonald Hotel Orchestra Will Provide Music

For two centuries old Mother Science has devoted a goodly portion of her time to improve light for man's darkness. And then what does he do? Nothing less than to decide on a nice subdued scheme for the lighting at the Undergrad next week.

However, those of us who were at the House Dance last Saturday night agree that it isn't such a bad idea after all. Only, as one well and highly thought of young man said, a little bit testy. "I don't think that students should be allowed to carry flashlights after dark."

In planning the Undergrad this year the committee decided on something unique in the annals of the institution. Every dance will be a moonlight—of varying degrees of shade and shadow—and in case that won't satisfy them, there will be the genuine article, neatly tucked in between two foxtrots, bound to please the most discriminating.

As last year, favours will be distributed to the dancers. These will be marked to correspond to the two suppers, and will serve to prevent any confusion on this score. The music will be provided by J. Bowman's band. Just what the decorations for the Hall will be it is too early to state as yet, but the committee is working on long non-union hours to get them ready.

Tickets will be sold in the basement of the Arts Building to Seniors and Juniors only on Friday. On Saturday they will be on sale to the lower class men.

The men of the Ag. Faculty are sparing no pains to make the Undergrad THE function of the year. Everything is just up and rarin' to go. And what say we rare with 'em?

LE FRANCAIS PARLE AU CANADA

Sujet de la causerie de M. Lucien Maynard au Cercle Français

A la dernière réunion du Cercle M. Maynard donna une conférence sur la question du patois canadien. Après avoir donné la définition de patois, M. Maynard, procéda à prouver que les Canadiens-français ne parlent pas une langue qui n'existe qu'au Canada, —ce qui serait un patois—mais qu'ils parlent la langue officielle de la France, la langue qui est enseignée dans cette université, c'est-à-dire, la langue française. Il examina d'abord les motifs de ceux qui accusent les Canadiens-français de parler un patois, motifs qui viennent des préjugés ou de l'intérêt. Ces gens veulent nuire aux Canadiens-français ou veulent cacher leur propre ignorance du français. Puis M. Maynard réfuta les arguments des partisans du "Canadien-French" en démontrant qu'ils sont absurdes et qu'ils contredisent les faits. La question de l'accent canadien fut surtout traitée d'une façon spéciale. Le conférencier cita France Arlet, qui dit, dans son livre, "Canadiens et Américains chez eux." "N'en déplaise aux partisans du 'Canadien-French', il n'y a pas d'accent canadien. C'est un accent de chez nous, un bon vieux accent normand ou poitevin, un accent de la vaillante et forte province française. Les Canadiens n'ont pas inventé cet accent-là, ils l'ont gardé tout simplement." Enfin M. Maynard attaque le côté affirmatif de sa thèse et démontre par des faits et des autorités tant anglaises que françaises que ceux qui s'y connaissent trouvent cette question du Canadien-French absolument ridicule.

Knowledge?—or Degrees?

By C.

Again the exams are with us, and again we have the quiet, awe-stricken corridors, the ice-packs for harassed brows, and the lamps burning far, far into the morning. Some few of us make a desperate attempt to gain first-class standing and so make everyone (ourselves included) realize how terribly clever we are; some of us, again, are determined to make second-class and so maintain our self-respect (most valuable possession!); but the majority of us strive valiantly for mere "passes" and are quite satisfied if we get them. But no matter what class we set as our goal, we all seem to be alike in one respect: we leave our work until the last possible moment, then during the little time left, we try to cram into our brains as much as we can of the work we have covered during the term—not because we want to know anything about this work, but because we are driven by a fear that any point we miss "might be on the exam."

Why and Wherefore?

This all makes one wonder just what we have come here for. For instance, do we write exams to satisfy ourselves that we have really learned something during the last term, or do we write them simply to gain "passes"? Do we come to the University to study (in the real sense of the word) or do we come here for degrees? The way so many of us try to "squeeze through" a course, knowing as little as possible of the work, and forget that little, and even boast that we have passed a certain course but "didn't know much about it then, and know even less now," makes one feel that, no matter what else we may have come here for we are not, at least, encumbered with any great thirst for knowledge. It

Leland Stanford University Is Monument to Education

Need for a University in California Resulted in Gift From Senator Leland Stanford—Sited Near San Francisco—Is One of Finest in States

Some men have, in the past, written poems which have endured to be an inspiration to all mankind, and thereby established a monument to themselves that will withstand the ages. Other men, with perhaps no less lofty ideals, have endeavored to achieve the same purpose in heaped up stone—some of whom have also achieved a comparatively permanent monument thereby. And a few, with no less thought for the future, not of their name, but of those who are yet to be, have spent their wealth to further the course of education, and have thus made a mark for themselves that will endure the ages.

Of such a type was Leland Stanford, a Senator and large stockholder in the U.P. and S.P. Railways. Some forty years ago there was a great need for a university in California. Universities required money to make a start. He had the money. So what more natural than that he should found what has grown to be one of the best known universities in the western hemisphere.

Stanford University accommodates nearly three thousand students, of whom a scant five hundred are co-eds. The buildings, of pleasing and appropriate Spanish type, occupy a part of the eight thousand acre campus near the city of Palo Alto. In reality, the University, through its various campus organizations, is almost a city complete in itself.

The personnel of the student body of Stanford is on the average older than that of other universities. This is due, in great part, to the numerous graduates from other centres who come there for post-graduate work. In recent years only three or four hundred freshmen are enrolled per session. Being privately endowed, the University carefully picks its prospective students. Freshmen, by tradition, must reside in Encina Hall for their Freshman year. Thereafter, if they have not become pledged to

SCOTT NEARING SPEAKS AT VARSITY

"Machine Age" Was Subject of Address Given Department of Political Economy

Dr. Scott Nearing addressed the Faculty of Political Economy at the University on Tuesday on the subject, "The Machine Age." In opening his address, which was most unusual and instructive, Dr. Nearing showed how man's gradually increasing control over natural forces had resulted in the improvement of society and in the development of social history.

Dealing with the "Machine Age," the speaker said that historic changes are based on methods of production, as contrasted with the idea that historic changes are based on politics, and on individuals. He showed how changes in the methods of making a living bring about changes in thought and history.

The industrial revolution brought about basic cultural advances. Electricity, steam, gas and water were successfully harnessed. This brought into wide use hard metals for tools. Mass production resulted. The coming of the machine age has made it possible that a far greater number of people than ever before can enjoy life, leisure and education. When the full mechanization of agriculture takes place in the United States, one-

some Fraternity, they take up residence in one of the other halls. The fraternity and sorority houses are all located on the campus.

In addition to the scholastic part, athletics are freely indulged in. Tuition may be had, under competent instructors, in almost any line of sport under the sun. Needless to say, football is the king of sports. There are three grids. The big feature of the year is the game with Berkeley. The gate shows an attendance of around ninety thousand at this function. Interspersed with this is greatly facilitated by the nearness of other universities, twelve lying within the five hundred mile radius. In addition to this there is a great deal of intramural sport, between fraternities, the Freshman team (an established feature), the various "eating clubs", somewhat akin to fraternities, and the various faculties.

At the last Presidential election feeling ran high around the campus. As the world knows, Stanford produced a President in her first graduating class in the person of Herbert Hoover. Hoover is at present one of the Board of Trustees of the institution. As most of the students are of voting ages, "Hoover Clubs" and equally ardent "Smith Clubs" argued pro and con for their respective leaders.

A word for the campus life. Eminent good sense in the mode of dress is shown there. It is a matter of tradition for the student to outfit himself in "corduroys" and shirt, and sans coat to attend lectures. So firmly established is the custom that the person who appears in a suit is regarded with surprise, not infrequently verging on contempt, for his failure to conform to the unwritten ruling. For which it must be said that it is a most rational custom. Incidentally much easier than the current mode on the student's pocket book. Another tradition of note is that one greets all on the campus with a "Hello" whether or not the parties had the fortune to be formally introduced or not. All of which goes to create a more democratic feeling throughout the institution.

The "College Humour" type of campus character is frowned on, due possibly to the excellent chances to observe the type in nearby colleges. This leads to an almost total lack of the "rah-rah" qualities so often beamed by those whose knowledge of universities must confine itself with what they see of the inmates of the same when away from their Alma Mater.

tenth of the population will be able to feed ten-tenths. An enormous amount of time and energy will be released in the prolonged youth of the race. The industrial revolution then is a fundamental modification in history, and as a result of it the world is moving forward to a new cultural level. We are the immediate beneficiaries.

Class Struggles and Exploitation

The speaker went on to deal with capitalist economy and showed strikingly how it was based on the private ownership of productive tools, with the consequent division of society into owning and working tools—resulting in a society based on social class division. These classes are the leisure-culture-comfort class, and the working subsistence class, who are living near the margin. The evils of this division are, manifestly, class struggles, and the exploitation of the second by the first.

The labor movement, said the speaker, is the driving force that is producing a new social order in Europe. Had its inception in the 19th century, but its beginning in the Russian revolution of 1917. Describing the Soviet organization, he showed how it is based on socialized industry; complete social ownership is their objective. By the system a sort of classless society is set up. The Soviet society is not a geographically limited state, but an occupational function, an economic group. Instead of dividing the world into countries they would divide it into economic groups. Theirs is a planned economy; ours is a planless. The form that will survive is the one which will provide the greatest cultural advance.

MCGOUN CUP WON BY TOBA DEBATERS

Contest Was Very Close—Visiting Teams Won At All Points

In view of the fact that the intervarsity debates for the McGoun Cup have but recently passed into history for another year, it is a matter of some interest to review some of the high lights of this series of debates. The McGoun Cup was first competed for in 1924, but at that time only the three Prairie Universities were in the debating league. The University of British Columbia joined in 1926. Under the existing arrangement each university meets two other universities every year, thus this year Alberta met only the Universities of Saskatchewan and British Columbia. In order to do this each university puts two teams in the competition, one supporting the affirmative of the resolution and the other supporting the negative, all the teams debating upon the same resolution. The negative team is always the travelling team.

The debates this year were rather unique in that the negative teams won in all cases. The scores were as follows:

Manitoba won at B.C. 3-0
B.C. won at Alberta 3-0
Alberta won at Sask. 2-1
Sask. won at Manitoba 2-1
There are three judges in each case. A team gets one point for each judge voting in its favour and one point for winning a debate. This gives Manitoba five points, Saskatchewan and British Columbia 4 points each, and Alberta 3 points. Manitoba therefore wins the McGoun Cup for the year 1929.

The funeral of the late Col. F. H. Mewburn will be held on Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock from Christ Church. All University classes are withdrawn for the afternoon on Friday.

ROBT. C. WALLACE,
President.

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